

A
LETTER
TO THE
INHABITANTS
OF

Great Britain and Ireland.

Attempting to impress them with a suitable
Sense of the invaluable Worth of their
civil and religious Liberties, to give them
a just Idea of Popery, and to stir them up
to meet a perfidious Enemy, who threaten
to invade our Land.

The Second EDITION corrected.

By S. HAYWARD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in *St. Paul's Church-
Yard.* 1756.

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LONDON:

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My dear Countrymen and Friends,



T is an unspeakable Mercy, that we live in a Land abounding with civil and religious Privileges, under a PRINCE so *happily fitted* for Government, and under the Protection of that God, who has made us his immediate Care, guarded our Liberties, and about all our *Glory* has hitherto created a *Defence*. BRITAIN has for a Series of Years been *remarkable* for her Peace at Home, whatever necessary Wars we may

have been engag'd in Abroad, has been preserv'd in the most threatenng Dangers, and kept from falling a Prey to those, who have had an *insatiable Thirst* after our most invaluable Enjoyments. As often as the Enemy have attempted our Ruin, *so often* has God appear'd, and by his gracious interposing Hand, deliver'd us from the Snare, that has been laid for us. *Salvation has he commanded for Walls and Bulwarks*, averted numberless Storms from us, and caus'd them to fall upon neighbouring Nations. What Desolations has he lately brought upon *Popish* and *Mahometan* Powers! We have heard the awful Report, but have not felt the tremendous Judgment. Yet secure as we have hitherto been from the divine Stroke, we are *now alarm'd*: *Alarm'd*, not with the Terrors of an *Earthquake*; (though this Arrow he might have let fly from his Quiver) Not with Thousands dying at our right Hand, and our left, by a destructive *Plague*; not by hungry *Famine* emaciating our Bodies, and wasting our Lives by its painful Tortures. These, tho' peculiarly dreadful, come from the *immediate* Hand of God, and therefore require the utmost Calmness and Submission. But we are alarm'd with the Sound of an *INVASION*: An *INVASION* from an *Enemy*, who, if they are permitted to come, will come with the most *envenom'd* Rage, with *Designs* of *Cruelty*, to rob us of our dearest Enjoyments, bring us under the *Gallick Yoke*, and subject us to *Popish Tyranny*, than which nothing is more displeasing to a *BRITON*: A *BRITON*, who is *born* for Liberty, knows its incomparable Sweetness, and cannot easily be persuaded to give it up, when in Exchange he must be sub-
jected

jected to the most *abject Slavery*. And, though the Hand of that God, who superintends all the Affairs of this lower World, is visible herein, and we are therefore to seek after a proper Submission to his infinitely wise Disposals; yet we are to act as *Men* and *Christians*, and not *tamely* part with what he has secured to us so long by a Train of interposing Providences.

Rouze up then ye BRITONS! *Rouze* my dear COUNTRYMEN and FELLOW-SUBJECTS: *Rouze* from your Lethargy; and whilst you are acknowledging the Hand of God, and humbling yourselves before him, let your Breasts fire with *warm Resentment* against those, who would Sacrifice your All to their implacable Fury, and act with *the utmost Vigour* for those dear Liberties, which you have been so long distinguish'd by the Possession of.

Hark, the Alarm of WAR has reach'd you, WAR, not in the Countries of our Friends and Allies; but in *your own Land*, that important *Spot*, which has been so long the Care of divine Providence. See your Enemies *Coasts* swarming with Men *arm'd for Battle*, Men full of *black Designs*, and only *waiting* an Opportunity to put them into Execution upon your Persons and Properties. See, PERFIDIOUS FRANCE is not content to interrupt your Brethren *abroad* in the quiet Possession of their Lands and Liberties; not content to fill AMERICA with Desolations; to commit the most *inhumane Cruelties*, Work only fit for *savage Indians*, but would fain perpetrate the same in ENGLAND, lay its famous *Metropolis* in Ruins, and pluck the *best of Kings* from the Throne, to which he has the *justest*
Right.

Right. See these resolute Foes thirsting after your *Blood*, determin'd to conquer, or die, vowing all the *Vengeance* that diabolical Malice can suggest, and promising themselves the most delightful Triumph over all you esteem sacred and valuable.

Rouze from your Security, and act like Men. Be of good *Courage*, and behave yourselves *Valiantly*. Where are our brittish *Heroes*? Where our *Gentlemen* and *Merchants*, who in the late unnatural Rebellion offer'd themselves so willingly to guard their dearest Liberties? Where those *Youths*, who then fired with *martial Ardour*, associated, and learn'd to wield the military Weapons in the Defence of their KING and COUNTRY? Have you lost your heroick Spirit? Are you weary of Liberty? Have you imbib'd *Sentiments* of *Disloyalty*? Methinks it is Time to Rouze. What Courage would it inspire our Soldiers with, when they found, that they were not left alone to bear the Heat of the Day, but had Numbers voluntarily venturing their All in the Defence of their *Royal Sovereign*? How must it animate his sacred Breast, to see his *Subjects* still loyal and active to preserve his Government, and how endear you to every Branch of that illustrious Family, who have put themselves under your Protection, and make your Interest their own? How would it intimidate the daring Enemy both Abroad and at Home, and tend to prevent the Execution of their fatal Designs? Lay aside then for the present the Sweets of Trade, and may your Hands be taught to War, and your Fingers to Fight. Enter, steadily and zealously enter into every necessary Measure to curb the Insolence, and
humble

bumble the Haughtiness of your *implacable* Enemies, to secure your Properties, and to show your *Loyalty* to your Prince, and his *Royal Progeny*. Let every *uneasy* Thought subside, every *Murmur* be hush'd, every *party Quarrel* drop, and every *Name of Distinction* be forgotten, and join Hearts and Hands in your own, and your Country's Defence. Let your *Purses* and your *Persons* be *ever ready* to assist, and forward the Execution of every Scheme that may be calculated for the *Safety* of the Nation; and let *private Interest* give way to *publick Good*. *Crush* every Design that is form'd to *distress* the Government, and let it appear by your *Behaviour*, by your *Generosity*, and your *Zeal*, how much your *Hearts* are engag'd in the Interest of your KING.

I am perswaded you cannot *disbelieve* the formidable Design of your Enemies against you. However you may think them *incapable* of putting it in Execution; you will readily grant, that their *Inclination* prompts them to every Thing that would be destructive to you. You see the *Preparations* that are making, the *prudent* and *vigorous Measures* that are taking to repel the Enemy; all which are clear and incontestible Evidences of the *Apprehensions* of an *INVASION*. And is not this a Call to ARMS. Your King, your Country, your Liberties, your Properties, all cry, TO ARMS. Lie not therefore in Indolence, *Men, Brethren* and *Fathers*; nor sink into a *fatal Effeminacy*; but *Awake*, and quit yourselves like *ENGLISHMEN*, like *BRITONS*; and let your *PRINCE* see, that you still retain the *same Principles of Loyalty* you once discover'd, and are as
ready

ready to assist him as ever with your *Lives and Fortunes*.

I persuade myself, none that love their *KING* and *Country*, their *Religion* and *Liberty*, will *Repine* or *Murmur* at the Entrance of * *foreign Troops*, into our Land, when they come as *friendly* and *faithful Allies* to assist us. We have Reason to *Rejoice*, that whilst our *Enemies* are waiting for an *Opportunity* to distress and ruin us, we have so many ready to appear in our *Defence*, and willing to *expose* themselves to the *greatest Dangers* for our Sakes. It is not to *plunder* you, my dear *Countrymen*, that these *Troops* are embarking for *England*, but to *assist* you. They come upon the most *friendly Errand*, with the *kindest Views*; Views of the *utmost Importance* to your Interest. They come, not to *hasten* on your *Ruin*, but to *deliver* you from it. They come to brandish their *Swords* in the *Defence* of your *Persons* and *Liberties*, and to stop the *Torrent* of *Popish Bigotry* and *Cruelty*, and *arbitrary Power*, with which we are threatened. *Wish* for them, and *welcome* their Arrival. Is it an additional *Expence* that is hereby brought upon you? *Cheerfully submit* to it, as hereby your *Substance* and all your *Enjoyments* may be *fully secured*.

Exert yourselves, my *Fellow Subjects*, exert yourselves in the present critical *Juncture*; not only by suppressing and discountenancing *all Disloyalty* in others, and endeavouring to impress the *Minds* of all around you, with a *Sense* of the *inestimable Privileges* they enjoy under the present *Government*; but by *cheerfully contributing* to every *Scheme* that tends to your *Security*,
and

* The *Dutch* and *Hessians*.

and forming yourselves into Companies * learning the Art of *War*, and with a firm Resolution, under God to stand by your KING and COUNTRY, YOUR FAMILIES, and your PROPERTIES. You will not esteem it a *Reflection* upon you, as if I imagine you *disloyal*, or *absolutely insensible* of your Privileges, should I expostulate with you upon this important Head. I hope you are not all asleep, but that you are considering what Steps are necessary to be taken for our common Preservation. If what I may suggest may be a means of stirring you up to present Action, and of kindling the Fire of Zeal in the Breasts of any that dwell in Ease and Security, I shall esteem it a peculiar Happiness, and not think my Labour in vain.

Can you give up a PRINCE, the best in the known World, to the Pleasure of a French Tyrant, or see him stoop to the ambitious and haughty MONSIEUR? Who would not chearfully enter the

* It is with great Pleasure I have heard that there are some Gentlemen, who, sensible of the *Value* of their civil and religious Privileges, of the Happiness of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, have form'd themselves into a *Company*, with a Design to learn the military Exercise, and so to be fitted for standing up for their KING and Country, in case of Emergency. Noble Scheme! amiable Views! Go on, ye *Friends of Liberty and Religion*. May indulgent Providence *Smile* upon your Undertaking! May you be *endeared* by this Instance of your Nobleness of Soul, to your worthy PRINCE, and to your *Fellow-Subjects*, and especially to the *Inhabitants* of this *Metropolis*! May others be animated and fir'd by *your Example*; may you encrease into a TROOP indeed, and with united Hearts and Hands stand fast together in the Support of the *best of Causes*! and may God, if he should call you to Action, *cover your Heads* at the important Moment, and long spare you to be *Blessings* to your native Land!

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Field,

Field, and boldly venture upon *Danger*, to preserve a Life so important, as is that of GREAT GEORGE? Whose *Liberties* has he attack'd? Whose *Properties* has he taken away? Have not *Justice* and *Mercy* preserv'd an equal Balance in all his Government? Has he not the *Trade*, the *Peace*, the *Religion* of his People at Heart? Is not *his Comfort*, *his Life*, bound up with yours? Has God spar'd him so many Years to be a FATHER to his *British* Subjects, and the *Guardian* of their Religion; and are you not mov'd at the Attempts which are made to disturb the Peace of his Government? Will any of you add *Affliction* to his Years, and make the Remains of his Life unpleasant by an *indolent Slothfulness*, when Providence calls you to Activity? Far be it from me to entertain such a Thought of a BRITON!

Can you give up a FAMILY, to * whom under God you owe the Enjoyment of your present *Liberties*? A FAMILY evidently the *Indulgence* of Heaven; a FAMILY consisting of so many *ILLUSTRIOUS BRANCHES*, all train'd up in *Protestant Principles* to make a People happy? Can you see the ROYAL WIDOW of the late amiable PRINCE OF WALES, her *Prudence* and *Piety*; her great Concern that all her dear *Offspring* may be Blessings to *Protestants*, and glorious Sup-

* An Instance of this we have had in our own Times, viz. the Victory obtain'd over the *Rebels* at CULLODEN, in the memorable Year 1745, and the Deliverance we therefore had from the base Designs of a *cruel Usurper*, under the prudent Conduct of his Royal Highness WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND; who has endear'd himself to his Country by his Bravery and martial Courage, and whom may God long continue an *Honour* and a *Blessing* to Britain.

porters in their Day of that important Cause? Can you view her putting herself under *your Care*, depending upon *your Zeal and Faithfulness* to secure her from the Insults of Enemies, and to administer to her Comfort and Happiness? Can you consider all this without *Emotion*?

Can you see her ROYAL OFFSPRING, those *Blessings* which *Heaven* has given us, fixing *their Eyes* upon you, and depending upon you for Protection? Can you see the *promising Hopes* they give you of *rewarding* your Care and Faithfulness, by standing up for *that Cause*, which lies so near your Hearts? Can you see an *insolent Enemy* wishing their *Destruction*, nay, forming *Designs* for it, and not chearfully draw your *Swords* in their Defence?

Can you give up the young *promising Branch* GEORGE, the HEIR APPARENT to the Crown of BRITAIN, for a CHARLES, a *Dupe* to France, a *bigoted Papist*, a *Tool* therefore to Rome? Methinks I see all the Powers of your Souls move at the Thought, and *Martial Courage* filling your animated Breasts.

Can you give up the Protestant for a *Popish superstitious Worship*? a Worship so *unchristian*, so *irrational* and *absurd*? Can you see your Churches fill'd with *Images*, and with all the *Trumpery* of Rome; and can you join the deluded Throng in *falling down* before them, and in *calling* upon *Saints* and *Angels* to plead for and protect you, as if there was not an *able, willing* and *faithful* MEDIATOR in Heaven to do all this for you? Can you see the WHORE of BABEL introducing all her *Fooleries* and *Superstitions*, and *imposing* them upon your Consciences?

Can you thus *tamely* give up your religious Liberties, and submit to the *Romish Yoke*, without drawing your Swords in your Defence? Is your Religion of *no Importance*; or is it only the *Invention of Men*, a *political Scheme* to preserve Decency and Order?

Can you see your *Ministers*, those who have *instructed* you in the most important Matters, who have *sought* your everlasting Peace, and *labour'd* to promote the Good of your Souls; Can you see them *driven into Corners*, *flying* from the Rage of *bloody Persecutors*, *starving* with Hunger, Cold or Nakedness, and *expos'd* to every Hardship, for *their Zeal* for that Gospel, which they have so often preach'd amongst you? Can you be content to hear their Voices *no more*, but to see them *tore* from their *Wives* and *Children*, and all their tender and affectionate Relations, *cruelly imprison'd*, *arraign'd*, *condemn'd*, and *lead* to the Stake, there to *expire* in the midst of *scorching Flames*? Can you think of SMITH-FIELD'S FIRE being again kindled, to destroy your *Countrymen*, your *Fellow Protestants*, your *aged Fathers*, and your *nearest Relatives*?

Can you *part with* your BIBLES; throw away that *sacred Volume*; that which GOD has so long indulged you with; that which has so often supported you under Difficulties, *rais'd* your fainting Souls, *form'd* you into the *divine Likeness*, *open'd* to you all the *Treasures of Eternity*, and *encourag'd* you with such glorious Prospects? Can you *cheerfully give up* that, which many have counted *dearer* than their *Lives*, and which has *animated* their Souls under *Racks* and *Tortures*, and made even *Flames* themselves a *soft Pillow*,

or a *Bed of Down*? Can you thus give up *all* your *religious Privileges* at once? Have you no Desire to *transmit* them to *Posterity* that your *Childrens Children* may enjoy them, and say, “*these* are what our *Fathers* bravely maintain’d, “even unto *Blood*. That *we* might be kept “from *Popish Superstition*, and have secur’d to “us *all* the *Advantages* of the *Gospel*, *they* “cheerfully fac’d the greatest *Dangers*, hazard- “ed their *Lives*, their *Fortunes*, their *All*: How “highly should we esteem them then, and how “carefully improve them?” Are not *these Thoughts* enough to enliven and rouse you, and put you upon preparing to meet that *Enemy*, that would rob you and your *Posterity* of these invaluable *Blessings*? TO ARMS then, TO ARMS; or shall your *Privileges* cease with your *Lives*?

Can you willingly submit to be impos’d upon by *popish Priests*, those *Locusts* of the Earth, whose chief Concern it is, like the *Pharisees* of old, to devour *Widows Houses*, and for a Pretence make long *Prayers*; who will rob you of your *Substance*, to satisfy their insatiable *Thirst* after *Riches*, and all cloak’d under the show of *Religion*? Can you think of submitting to their *Tyranny*, of having your *Houses* examin’d, and *all* your *Affairs* under the Inspection of those, who will only watch for your *Ruin*?

Can you think of *Prisons* and *Murders*, *Racks* and *Tortures* for yourselves and your *Children*? Can you think of having your Land over- spread with a *People* of a foreign Country, a *People* perfidious and cruel, whose *Principles* are to break through the most solemn *Engagements*, and do all they can to extirpate *Heresy*? Can you think

think of giving up every Thing that is *dear* to you, and submitting to the *Caprice* and *Cruelty* of the *Votaries* of *Rome*? *All this* you must do, all this you must *feel*, unless you run into all the superstitions of *Popery*, than which, I am perswaded, nothing can be more *disagreeable* to a *PROTESTANT*. For the Truth of what I say, only go to *those Countries*, where *Popery* triumphs; and see the *Insults* of the *Priests*, the *Ignorance* and *tame Submission* of the *Populace*, nay of the *Gentlemen* themselves. Go to the present *depopulated LISBON*, and see their Superstitions; notwithstanding the Judgments of God upon them, which are enough, one would imagine, to command the greatest *Awe* and *Reverence* in the most audacious sinners; yet see the *Priests*, THAT SACRED TRIBE, using all possible *Artifices*, nay telling the *greatest Falshoods*, and even *fathering* them upon God himself, that they may thereby *plunder* the remaining *Inhabitants*, already reduc'd to a *starving Condition* by the Hand of Providence. Is this *POPERY*? Is this to live under the *BISHOP* of *ROME*? GOD deliver us from such a *Religion* and from such *Priests*!

If this is the Case with *Papists* themselves how must it be with *Protestants*, living under a *Popish Prince*, expos'd to the Rage of *Popish Priests*? To know this, go to *FRANCE*, and view the Sufferings of your *PROTESTANT BROTHERN*. See *Men* and *Women* hall'd to Prison, without Distinction. See *Fathers* tore from their *Children*, *Husbands* from their *Wives*, *Ministers* from their *People*. See *Soldiers* quarter'd upon them, *watching* their *Motions*, *interrupting* their *Assemblies*, *plundering* their *Houses*. See heavy
Fines

Fines laid upon them, *Confiscation of Goods*, and *Lives* taken away without the least *Discovery of Compassion*. 'Tis impossible for me to represent all the dreadful *Cruelties* that are inflicted upon them. No Wonder they are willing to fly from such a Country, and to take Refuge where they may enjoy the *Sweets of Liberty*. Pity them, my dear Countrymen, and help them by your *Prayers* and your *Purses*, and judge from their melancholy Circumstances, what yours would be if *France* should gain the *Conquest*. *France* gain the *Conquest*, did I say? My Heart trembles at the Thought! Methinks, I see every *Briton* rousing from his *Effeminacy*, arming for the *Battle*, and, like a true *Englishman*, determining to secure his dear *Sovereign and Liberties*, or die in the *Field*. And what would *Life* be, my *Fellow-Subjects*, what would *Life* be, if our *KING*, our *RELIGION*, our *LIBERTY*, our *ALL*, were gone! Unhappy they, who should survive such a *Loss* as this, the greatest *Loss* that *ENGLAND* can possibly sustain! But fear not, if you rent your *Hearts* and not your *Garments*, and return unto the *LORD*, and in a *Dependence* upon his *Providence* prepare to meet the *Enemy*, fear not their *Power*, their *Malice*, their *Rage*. Your Cause is good: and what can be more encouraging? Had you such a Cause to support, as those bold *Desperadoes* in the late *unnatural Rebellion*, you might sink in *Despair*, and draw the *Sword* in vain like them. But the Cause you have to maintain, is worthy the utmost *Regard* of a *Man*, and a *Christian*. If to defend a *PROTESTANT PRINCE*, to secure our *civil and religious Liberties*; if to stand up for our *Wives*, our *Children* and *Substance*, be lawful, then

then *your Cause is good*. Under a thorough Satisfaction of this, and *looking up* for a divine Blessing, you may *enter the Field* with an *undisturb'd Serenity*. This will *animate* you with *Courage*, and give *Strength* to your *Arms*, to wield the military Weapon, far *beyond* what *those* will be capable of doing, who come to support the Cause of *Cruelty* and *Injustice*, and therefore are destin'd to the FORLORN HOPE. Why then do not our *Streets*, our *Fields* sound with *Drums* and *Preparations* for War? Let it not be said, that the *Noblesse of France* are determin'd, *bad as their Cause is*, to stand by their *Prince*, and come in *Person* to avenge the Indignities, they *vainly apprehend* are offer'd to their *Grand Monarque*, whilst we are *sunk in Pleasure*, or lying upon a *Bed of Sloth*, and *unprepar'd*? Let ENGLAND then; ENGLAND that *favourite Spot of Heaven*; ENGLAND that has been the Care of a *GUARDIAN GOD*; ENGLAND that has so often been deliver'd from the *Jaw* of the Lion, that has enjoy'd her Privileges so long *unmolested* in Spite of *Hell* and *Rome*: Let ENGLAND awake, see the desperate Designs that are form'd against her *happy Constitution*; Designs of the most *abject* and *miserable Slavery*; and let *every Inhabitant* who values a *Protestant Government*, and a *Protestant Religion*, *willingly offer himself* upon this important Occasion, and do all he can to crush the Designs of *France*, and preserve the *Happiness* of this distinguish'd Island.

Ye Representatives of the Nation; (if I may be permitted to speak to you.) Your respective *Boroughs* and *Counties* have plac'd the utmost Confidence in you, upon a *Presumption*, and I
hope

hope a *just one too*, that you are *heartly Friends* to his Majesty's Person and Government, and are ready in Case of Emergency to venture your *Lives*, and devote your *Fortunes* to the support of your KING and COUNTRY. Let them see how *ready* you are to answer their Expectations, and to *encourage* those Measures that are necessary for the *Safety* of the Nation. May you act with *Unanimity*, and *Resolution* when *Assembled* together, study the *Peace* and *Comfort* of your *Sovereign* and *Family*, and the true *Welfare* of your Country. And may you each be an Instrument of stirring up a Spirit of the warmest *Zeal* in your respective Districts, *encouraging* the brave and loyal Souls, but *discountenancing* every Appearance of *Disaffection* and *Indolence*, and especially discouraging every Scheme that may be laid to *poison* the Minds of his Majesty's Subjects, or draw them to the *supporting* an Interest *justly despis'd* by every understanding Protestant, as well as most desperate.

Ye Gentlemen of Estates, you are interested, peculiarly interested in the present Situation of Affairs. Should a Change in the Government ensue, how *much longer* will they be *yours*? Your Lands and Possessions are *mark'd out*, and already *dispos'd of* by the Emissaries of Rome. And can you *willingly part with them*, when you have enjoy'd their Sweets so long? Will it not give you the utmost *Pain and Anxiety* to see Strangers enjoying your Inheritance, and calling your Estates by their *own Names*, whilst you are oblig'd to take Shelter in a *Cottage*, or are drove to the *Woods and Deserts* for a Refuge?

Ye Merchants and Men of Property, who have got under Providence, by your Industry and Care, your various Comforts; can you *cheerfully* give them up, see your Houses *rifled*, your Goods and your Chattels *seiz'd*, and made use of to support the Lives of *perfidious Frenchmen*? Are you willing to be *reduc'd* to Dependence, Poverty and Nakedness, laid under the *severest Fines*, or sent to a *noisome Prison*, to end your Days in *Misery and Wretchedness*? None of these Things can be *pleasant*. Why then do you not *Arm*, and appear with *Vigour* upon the present Occasion?

Ye Ministers, ye Teachers of others; you have the *greatest Reason* to exert yourselves in endeavouring to spread *Religion and Loyalty* amongst your People. You above all must expect to feel the *Roman Scourge*, if Popery was to be establish'd. You are under the greatest Obligations of esteeming a PROTESTANT GOVERNMENT, and should be every Day inculcating not only the strongest Affection to his Majesty's Person and Family, and to stir up those under your Care to appear in *publick*, in Case of Necessity, but to *pray earnestly* for a divine Blessing, and even to *learn the Use of Arms* yourselves, to set your People an *Example*, and *animate* them with Courage.

Ye who wear the Sword in Defence of your King and Country. You are call'd to manifest your Martial Ardour, and show your *heartly Affection* to your Prince, and your *Skill and Resolution* in War.—Ye *Generals and Officers*, we wish you God's *Speed*, and depend upon your *Faithfulness* and *Activity*.—Ye *Soldiers*, who are more particularly

cularly to fight for your KING and COUNTRY. Be *faithful*, be *courageous*. Remember the *Enemy* with whom you may engage, are coming upon an *unjustifiable Errand*. Go in the Name of your God, and shew yourselves *Men*. Stand *firm* and *undaunted*, and fear not, the *Victory* will be *Yours*.

Ye brave Commanders upon the Ocean. Our Eyes are upon you in a particular Manner at this critical Juncture. Be *faithful* to the *Trust* repos'd in you, and *endear* yourselves to your PRINCE and your *Fellow-Subjects* by your *Care* and *Watchfulness*, and may the *Enemy* by your Means *sink like Lead in the mighty Waters*. And do you who act under these worthy Commanders, discover your usual *Bravery* and *Courage*, and let it never be said of the ENGLISH SAILORS, that they have lost their *undaunted Boldness*, and are afraid to face such an *Enemy* as *France*.

Ye Gentlemen who chuse to go to France for Servants; is it not *Time* to consider your *Imprudence*? Why should they be esteem'd before those of your own *Country*? Are they more *Worthy* of your *Confidence*? Will you not be in *Danger*, should the *Enemy* come amongst us, even from those of your own *Household*? May you not *too late repent* your great *Indiscretion*? If I may be permitted to speak, the *Safety* of your *Persons* and *Families*, the *Security* of your *Properties*, nay every Thing loudly calls upon you to be upon your *Guard*, to say the least. Your *Country* prays you, your *Fellow-Subjects* entreat you, to take those Measures that may be most for your own *Honour* and *Safety*, as well as for that of others.

Ye affectionate Husbands; can you give up the *Wives* of your *Bosom*, those dear *Partners* with you in the *Cares* and *Comforts* of *Life*? Can you think of their being *violently torn* from you, and expos'd to all the *Rudeness* and *Cruelty* of the most brutal *Men*, who think they have a *Licence* to commit all manner of *Ravages* with *Impunity*? Does not the *Thought* raise in you a *Martial Spirit*, and make you willing chearfully to *venture your Lives* for their *Sakes*?

Ye tender and indulgent Parents, who love your *Children* as *Yourselves*; are you willing your *tender Offspring* should be instructed in all the *Superstitions* of *Rome*, that their *Minds* should be early *poison'd* with *popish Principles*; or can you think of seeing them *slaughtered* before your *Eyes*, and laid *breathless* upon the *Ground*? Does not the *Thought* rouse all the *Powers* in your *Souls*, and inspire you with all the *Courage* a *Father's Pity* can give? Sure, my dear *Countrymen*, you have all the *Ties* of *Nature* and *Religion* to engage you to appear *Active* upon the present emergent *Occasion*. You must then be lost to all *Sense* of *Gratitude* and *Affection*, lost to *God*, to *yourselves*, to your *KING*, your *Country*, your *Families*, if you are *indolent*, or refuse to *oppose* the common *Enemy*.

Ye who border upon the Sea, and live in those *Places* where it is most probable the *Enemy* may *first appear*. You have seen the *paternal Regard* his *Majesty* has for you and your *Country*. You have seen the *Orders* our *Sovereign* has issued out, and I doubt not but you see their *Importance*, and will *diligently attend* to them. Remember it is for your *own Security*, as well as for that of those,

those, who live at a greater Distance. Would you feed the *Enemy*, should they come to you? Would you forget all *Obligations* to a *Protestant Prince*, and lend Assistance to one who would pluck out your very Eyes, if he was permitted to make the Conquest of *Britain*? I doubt not but you are too sensible of your Privileges to give them up quietly to *France*. Be upon the *Watch* then, and merit your *Prince* and your *Country's* Esteem by your resolutely opposing the *Enemy*, and by assisting as far as you can his *Majesty's* Soldiers and Subjects, that they may meet with as few *Embarrassments* as possible in the proper Discharge of their Duty. And though you may sustain some Loss, yet remember, a *Protestant's* Breast is capable of much more Pity and Generosity to you in Distress, than a *French-man*, or a *Bigot* to *Rome*.

Ye Friends of Liberty arise. The Time may be coming, when you must part with this, or preserve it by Arms. And is not the latter unspeakably preferable to the former. You have worship'd God just as you pleas'd; have sat under your own Vines, and your own Figtrees, none making you afraid. Are you willing to be under the Controul of mercenary Priests, and give up all that your Fathers stood up in the Defence of? I know you had rather give up Life, than that dearest of all Enjoyments, LIBERTY. Arm yourselves then, and appear like Men that know the Excellency of this Blessing.

I might speak a Word to those, who are of the *Catholick Religion* amongst us. And you, I doubt not, at least many of you know too much of the Difference between a *protestant* and *popish* Govern-

Government, to be *weary* of the former. Was there to be an Exchange, even your *Circumstances* would be *worse* than they *at present* are. You live *unmolested*, you *enjoy* privately and almost publicly too your Religion? You *have* your *Priests* now under your *own Command*, but was an Alteration to be made, the *Scales* would soon be turn'd, and you be oblig'd to stoop to those, who *now pay you* a ready Obedience. If you have any Regard then for your *Persons*, your *Families*, your *Estates*, your *Liberties*, vigorously oppose any *Schemes* that may be form'd *against* our *Protestant Sovereign*, and his *illustrious Family*, lest you should come off with considerable Loss.

Finally, *let none be discourag'd*, notwithstanding the present situation of Things. *You who are of the tender Sex*, who cannot but *shudder* at the Prospect of *War*, with its *direful Consequences*, be not afraid. *Thousands and ten thousands* will *cheerfully* yield up their *Lives*, rather than GREAT GEORGE shall be *dethron'd*, or you *depriv'd* of your *present Privileges*. Act *suitably* in your Stations, and let your *earnest Supplications* be *daily* sent up to Heaven for a *guilty Land*, and don't *sink* in your Minds, but may you and *all* the Inhabitants of this *happy Island* consider, that the LORD REIGNS.

Ye Inhabitants of SCOTLAND, however *justly reproveable* many of you were, for your Conduct in the late unnatural Rebellion; I hope the Eyes of such of you are open'd to see your *Folly*, and are ready with the greatest Resolution to *oppose* that Cause, which you then supported with your *Lives and Fortunes*. What was it could induce
you

you to risk your All for a *Man of such Principles?* Had you a Prospect of living under a *milder Government?* Did you expect to enjoy greater *Privileges*, civil or religious? Would you have been *better protected* in your Rights and Immunities? Or was it the specious Pretence of *hereditary Right*, that led you into such mistaken Conduct, to incur the *just Displeasure* of the *best of Kings*, and to forfeit the Regard of your Fellow-Subjects? See the Lenity of *that Prince*, who sways the Scepter in *Mercy*, as well as in *Judgment*! But *few* of your Brethren were oblig'd to give up that Life, which they had so *evidently forfeited*, and fall a Sacrifice to Justice. Your *Estates*, and all your *Liberties* have been continued; you have *equally* the *Protection* of the Laws with the *rest* of your Brethren; and the *Government* have acted in all Respects towards you, as if you had never given them the *least Ground* to suspect your Loyalty. Should not this then endear the *present Family* to you, engage you *heartily* in their Interest, and convince you of your *late Folly*? Were you again to encourage a foreign Enemy, or discover any *Disloyalty*, you would be chargeable with the *biggest Ingratitude*, and could not but expect the Displeasure of your KING and COUNTRY. Open your Eyes, and be no longer *blinded* by the Friends of *Rome*. *Discountenance* every Thing you see that has a Tendency to disturb the Peace of our *Royal Sovereign*, and endeavour to *retrieve* that Reputation which you *so nearly lost* a few Years since.

I need not thus address the *Generality* of my Fellow-Subjects, inhabiting the *North of Britain*,
your

your Souls are full of *Loyalty* to the *Prince* God has seated upon the *Throne*. You are ever ready to espouse his Interest, and defend his Government to the *manifest Hazard* of your own *Lives*. Witness the *late Rebellion*, the Respect you paid to the BRAVE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, the *many Prayers* your Ministers put up for his Success, and the *Readiness* with which you enter'd upon every Measure, that was calculated to *crush* your own *rebellious Countrymen*, and *establish* the Influence of the present happy Government. 'Tis pity that *one* of your *Church* should differ from you in Principle and Conduct. Sure, *strangely infatuated* must Persons of the *Scotch Profession* be, who lean to the *Family of the Stuarts*, and are disaffected to the ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF HANOVER! What, have you forgot the *Persecutions* raging amongst you in the *Reign* of CHARLES, &c. the *heavy Fines* your Fathers were under, the *bloody Massacres*, the *many tragical Deaths* of the *noblest* in your Country? Have you forgot how much *Christian Blood* was then spilt, and how the *Perpetration* of these Murders was *supported* by the *Family* that *then* sat upon the *Throne*? Is there any Thing in this to encourage you to *think favourably* of them? Consider the *Obligations* you are under to God, for his *present* MAJESTY, under whom you enjoy all the Privileges of a *free and happy People*. Ye *Lovers of the present Government*; spread the Principles of *Loyalty* and *Affection* to your *worthy KING*. Let your *Youth* be carefully instructed in the true Principles of *English Protestantism*, and therefore be early taught a *loyal Obedience* to our PROTESTANT PRINCE. See that *those* who have

have the *Care* of your Children, be such as are *well attach'd* to the *present Family*; and may your UNIVERSITIES be fill'd with *such* as may not only *stand up* with a becoming Zeal for that holy Religion you Profess, but *encourage* and *promote Loyalty*, wherever they come. And may you all in the present Situation of Things, give *fresh Instances* of your Zeal for your SOVEREIGN, and your earnest Concern to have *one* of the HOUSE OF HANOVER to sit upon the *Throne*, to transmit the Blessings of a *Protestant Government* to the LATEST POSTERITY.

Ye Inhabitants of IRELAND. You are *divided* from us by the Sea, but I hope not in *Affection*. We are Subjects with you, under the same GLO-RIOUS PRINCE, and we wish you the Continu-ance of all the Blessings which you and we at present enjoy. Your *Loyalty*, ye *Friends of KING GEORGE*, your *Loyalty* has been distin- guish'd upon a *Variety* of Occasions, and your Concern to prevent the spread of *Bigotry* and *Superstition*, and to *establisb* the generous and hu- mane Principles of the *Protestant Religion*. Go on in the Execution of those *laudable Schemes*, which you have enter'd into, and may Heaven continue to *distinguish* your Land with an *unin- terrupted Harmony* amongst its Inhabitants, and an *encreasing Trade and Commerce* to enrich them. How long has a *merciful* God made you his pe- culiar Care; and yet how *awfully* have you *felt* the Effects of *Popish Fury*! You cannot *forget* the *melancholy Years*, when your *Fathers* were cruelly and inhumanly *Butcher'd*, nor that this was in the *Reign* of the *Stuarts*. As we appear to be at the *Eve* of a War, in which you will bear

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a Share as well as *we* ; be not angry with me, if I just put you in Remembrance of the *Privileges* you have enjoy'd under the *present Family*, of which I am satisfied *many of you* are sensible, and, if I endeavour to stir you up to a *noble Zeal* in the Defence of *Protestant Liberties*, and encourage you under the Prospect of whatever Calamities may be presented before you. And to answer this End in some Measure, permit me to present you with a short account of the dreadful MASSACRE in your own Country, taken from a late Author,—as follows.

“ The *Earl of Antrim* and *Sir Phelim O Neal*,
 “ who were at the *Head* of the *Irish Catholics*,
 “ having acquainted the *Pope's Nuncio*, and
 “ some of the *Priests* about the *Queen*, how
 “ easily they could assume the Government of
 “ *Ireland*, and assist the *King* against the *Pro-*
 “ *testants*. Letters were wrote in the *Queen's*
 “ *Name*, and perhaps in the *King's*, *Authorizing*
 “ them to take up Arms, and to seize the
 “ Government. In the *first Design* of an In-
 “ surrection, there might be no Thoughts of a
 “ MASSACRE ; but the *Irish Papists* were will-
 “ ing to *extirpate* the *Protestants* out of that
 “ Kingdom, before they could with Safety trans-
 “ port their Army into *England*. And being
 “ govern'd by the *Priests*, and set on by them,
 “ they were guilty of the most dreadful Cruel-
 “ ties. It is most reasonable to believe, that
 “ not only the *Queen*, but the *King himself* was
 “ acquainted with the Insurrection, *before* it took
 “ Place. It appears too plain, that the *King*
 “ knew too much of the Affair, or at least was
 “ *willingly ignorant* of the Progress of it. He
 “ was

“ was unwilling to act against the *Irish*, and to
 “ declare them *Rebels*, till he found they had
 “ overacted their Part, and then he did it, but
 “ only printed forty Copies, and not one to be
 “ dispers’d, till further Orders.

“ The affair was discover’d at the *Restoration*
 “ of King *Charles the Second*, when the *Marquiss*
 “ of *Antrim*, who had been at the Head of
 “ the Rebellion, and whose Estate was confis-
 “ cated, finding himself like to be excluded
 “ the Act of Indemnity, came to *London*, and
 “ before he could obtain Pardon, and have his
 “ Estate restor’d, was oblig’d to produce in the
 “ House of Commons a Letter from King *Charles*
 “ the First, wrote with his own Hand, giving
 “ him express Orders to take up Arms.

“ The Project of the Insurrection was form’d
 “ in the Months of *March* and *April*, 1641,
 “ and executed *October* 23d following.—No
 “ Information of it was given to the *Protestants*,
 “ till the very Night before it was to take
 “ Place, when it was too late to prevent the
 “ Effects of it in the Country, and almost to save
 “ the City of *Dublin* itself.

“ On the Day appointed, between twenty
 “ and thirty thousand of the Native *Irish*, ap-
 “ pear’d in Arms in the Northern Counties, and
 “ having secur’d the principal Gentlemen, and
 “ seiz’d their Effects; they murder’d the com-
 “ mon People in cold Blood, forcing many thou-
 “ sands to fly from their Houses and Settle-
 “ ments, naked into the Bogs and Woods, where
 “ they perished with Hunger and Cold. No
 “ Ties of Friendship, Neighbourhood or Consan-
 “ guinity were capable of softning their obdu-
 “ rate

"rate Hearts. Some they whip'd to Death;
 "others they strip'd Naked, and exposed to
 "Shame, and then drove them like Herds of
 "Swine to Perish in the Mountains. Many hun-
 "dreds were drown'd in the Rivers. Some had
 "their Throats cut, others were dismembered.
 "With some the execrable Villains made
 "themselves Sport, trying who could back
 "deepest into a Protestants Flesh. Husbands
 "were cut to Pieces in the Presence of their
 "Wives. Wives and young Virgins abus'd in
 "Sight of their nearest Relations. Nay, they
 "taught their Children to Strip and Kill the
 "Children of the Protestants, and dash out their
 "Brains against the Stones. Forty or fifty thou-
 "sand were Massacred after this Manner in a
 "few Days, without Distinction of Age, Sex
 "or Quality, before they suspected their Dan-
 "ger, or had Time to provide for their De-
 "fence! In a few Weeks, the Insurrection was
 "so general, that they took Possession of whole
 "Countries, Murdering the Inhabitants, plun-
 "dering their Houses, and Killing, or driving
 "away their Cattle. Multitudes of poor dis-
 "tressed Creatures and Families fled naked, and
 "half starv'd, first to Dublin, and from thence
 "to England with Death, and Despair in their
 "Countenances."

Learn, my Friends, my Brethren, learn from
 hence to value a Protestant Prince, and Protestant
 Liberties; and endeavour ever to maintain them
 at the Expence of all you have even of Life it-
 self. See what a Religion that is, that leads to
 Cruelty and Inhumanity, and is supported by Per-
 secution and Blood. Admire the Providence that
 has

has kept you from the Ruin, that has been so often design'd you, and may your Hearts and Hands be *ever united* in promoting that *Cause*, that *alone* deserves your *vigorous Support*, and will well *reward* its Friends, by giving them the Enjoyment of the most *invaluable Blessings*.

Thus, *my Fellow-Subjects*, I have endeavour'd to impress your Minds with a Sense of *Duty*, and to stir you up to act with a noble Zeal in the Defence of your KING, and your LIBERTIES. If what I have said is but a Means of answering this desirable End, it will give a *peculiar Satisfaction* to him, who desires ever to walk Worthy of those invaluable Liberties, he enjoys under the Government of the *best* of Kings, and is your most sincere Wellwisher in all Respects.

S. HAYWARD.

F I N I S.



the King you from the King, that the King
 often thought you, and may your letters
 hands be not wanted in your own hands
 that your letters your letters, and
 will well reward its friends by giving them the
 enjoyment of the most valuable of all things
 Thus, my friend, I have endeavored
 to impart your letter with a sense of duty, and
 to fit you up to act with a noble zeal in the de-
 fence of your King, and your Country. If
 what I have said is but a means of no wronging
 despicable end, it will give a certain and a
 to him, who desires ever to walk worthy of
 those invaluable Liberts, the rights and
 the Government of the King of Great Britain
 your most sincere Wellwisher in all respects

2. H. W. 1790

